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HE WON'T BE BUNCOED THIS TIME.



## PUCK,

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Editor - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, August 13th, 1890.—No. 701.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES, recently received at this office, may be deficient in genuine literary merit, and it is undeniable that they have rather a personal and individual than a general interest; but they are so unmistakably the sincere cry of a wounded spirit that we publish them for what they are worth, leaving it to our readers to imagine for themselves the deep painfulness of the situation, at which the poet can merely hint:

## THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary,  
While I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many an often-vetoed  
Bogus pension bill of yore —  
While I nodded, nearly napping,  
Suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping,  
Rapping at my chamber door —  
"T is some visitor," I muttered,  
"Some durn statesman at my door —  
Only this and nothing more!"

But the sick'ning sad uncertain  
Thought of foes behind that curtain  
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic  
Terrors often felt before.  
So that now, to still the beating  
Of my heart, I stood repeating:  
"T is some politician treating  
Who has 'tret' a half a score —  
'Tret' too much, and now entreating  
Office at my chamber door —  
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger;  
Hesitating then no longer,  
Said I, "Is't the Soop'rintendent  
Of the school I taught of yore?  
Of the Sunday-school I taught in,  
In the town my votes were bought in,  
In the town my job was caught in —  
Job whereof I'd like some more?  
If 't is you, or even Dudley —"  
Here I opened wide the door —  
Nothing there, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning,  
(In the hall a light was burning —  
I am quite a nervous party  
Since I cottaged by the shore —)  
Soon again I heard a tapping  
As of some one loudly rapping  
Fit to wake a dead man's napping —  
Rapping at my chamber door —  
And I took a soda-tablet,  
(Soda-mint,) and ope'd the door.  
"T is dyspepsia — nothing more!"

But I saw two bright eyes peering,  
And with calm assurance leering —  
In there walked an ancient raven,  
Quite suggestive of a bore.  
Not the least obeisance made he,  
Not a minute stopped or staid he,  
But with mien of lord or lady,  
Flopped above my chamber door —  
Flopped upon the bust of Gran'pa,  
Just above my chamber door —  
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling  
My sad fancy into smiling,  
By its manner strange, suggesting  
Little Rock and Arkansor,  
"Though thy plumes are not Elysian,"  
Said I, "tell me with precision,  
Art a jimblaine or a vision?  
Art thou here for peace or war?  
Tell me, is it peace between us?  
Shall an end be made of war?"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this confounded  
Fowl the question thus propounded  
With veracity to answer —  
Which was not his wont of yore.  
"But," I thought, "he is but thinking  
Of his own hopes, shipwrecked, sinking,  
As he sits there, blankly blinking,  
Dreaming still of '84,  
Dreaming of his matchless tumble,  
In the year of '84 —"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!  
Prophet, if you are a *deevil* —  
Whether Reed gets left, or whether  
Poor McKinley goes ashore —  
Tell me, am I Fate's selection  
For a glorious reflection —  
Shall I join a freak collection —  
Shall I serve my first term o'er —  
Must I go to Injinap'lis?  
Can't I tide two termlets o'er?"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting!  
It is time that you were starting —  
What's the matter with Augusta,  
Or Bar Harbor's rock-bound shore?  
I have never been familiar  
With your old *Crédit Mobilier*,  
Get you gone, or I will kill yer!  
Quit that bust above my door —  
Quit my gran'pa's cerebellum —  
Quit, oh, quit my pious door!  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

And the Raven, never flitting,  
Still is sitting, still is sitting,  
On the plaster bust of Gran'pa,  
Just above my chamber door.  
And his eyes have all the seeming  
Of a jimblaine's that is scheming,  
And the lamplight o'er him streaming  
Throws his shadow on the floor  
And my soul from out that shadow  
That lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted — Nevermore.

P. S. — [by the RAVEN.]

Nevermore!

B. H.

## THE FARMER.

The Farmer he leads a happy life,  
His farm supports himself and his wife,  
Three sons, two hired men and a gal,  
And the seven kids of his daughter Sal.  
He rises up at the hour of four,  
And milks the cows, and does every chore,  
He goes afield and plows till his back  
Aches like it had a three-foot crack  
Right up the line of the spinal marrow —  
And then he can take a turn at the harrow.  
And when he has plowed and harrowed, he sows;  
And when the Summer is hot, he hoes.  
He also rakes, and he weeds, and p'raps,  
If the rainfall's right, he gathers some craps;  
And then he turns his craps into cash,  
And hitches the mare to his old calash,  
And drives into town to buy some clo'es  
To carry his family through the snows.  
And on all he puts on their weary backs,  
He pays:

for cotton cloth, unbleached,.....	from 2½c.
per sq. yd. to 40%,	
for cotton cloth, bleached,.....	from 3¼c.
per sq. yd. to 40%,	
for cotton cloth, colored,.....	from 4¼c.
per sq. yd. to 40%,	
for woolen ready-made cloaks and other garments for	
women and children, ...	45c. per lb., plus 40%,
for woolen cloth,.....	35c. per lb., plus 35%,
for flannels, knit goods, shirts, etc.,	from 10 to 24c.
per lb., plus from 35 to 40%,	
and for all other manufactures of wool,....	35c. per lb., plus 35%

OF  
TARIFF  
TAX!

And if for his share of protection he begs,  
McKinley will give him a duty on Eggs!  
On Eggs!  
On Eggs!

A duty on Eggs!  
The Old War Tariff is on its last legs  
When it has to rely on a duty on Eggs.

Oh, the Farmer's life is gay, as a rule,  
And McKinley is certain the Farmer's a fool.



## IT CHANGES A MAN.

BLEEKER — Why, hello, Joralemon! I did n't recognize you at first with that long beard. Wait one moment, till I brush off that cobweb from your coat. Where have you been the last three years?  
JORALEMON. — Moved over to Brooklyn, you know, after I got married.





## THE MODERN MARTYR.

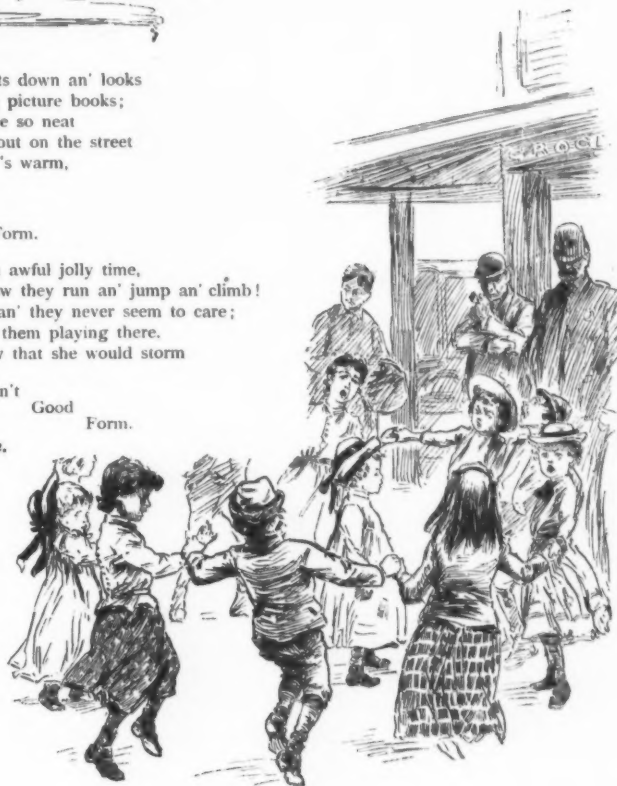
AS SOON as teacher leaves the house I jes sits down an' looks  
At yellow men an' azure dogs in great big picture books;  
I'm always fixed up pretty, an' my dresses are so neat  
That I'd be mos' sure to spoil 'em if I went out on the street  
My Ma is in society, an', though the weather 's warm,  
I dasn' play out doors becos it

Ain't  
Good  
Form.

I think that poor folks' children have an awful jolly time,  
When I see them from the window—how they run an' jump an' climb!  
An' they tear their clothes jes frightful, an' they never seem to care;  
I wish that I was with them as I watch them playing there.  
But I'm Mother's little lady, an' I know that she would storm  
If I went out on the sidewalk, cos it

Ain't  
Good  
Form.

Philander Johnson.



### A DESIRABLE NEIGHBORHOOD.

CHICKERING.—Some of the new houses uptown are so narrow that a piano can not be put in.

BAUS (*excitedly*).—You don't know the rent of the houses next door to them, do you?

### FIRE - PROOF.

"I thought that building was fire-proof," remarked Burns, as he looked at the ruins.

"Well, it's pretty good proof-of-a-fire just now, anyhow," returned Underwrighter.



### ELUSIVE.

"Why don't you go to work?"  
"I do; but it is n't there!"

THE YOUNG MAN who buys his furniture on the installment plan thinks we do not have to go as far as Russia to find "bureaucrats."

TWO HEADS are better than one; but unless they are barrel-heads they never can hold any thing in.

THE MAN who dies without glory will never have his ghost shiver at the sight of its statue adorned with

### PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

"Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad."  
—Burns.

a Roman toga and an eighteenth-century wig.

FAT MEN can very appropriately discard suspenders, and use sashes with their bay windows.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY freed the negros, and now they must be made to exercise their freedom by voting the Republican ticket.

WHY DON'T the Prohibition States secede if they can't abide by the United States Constitution? Or are they just loyal enough to stay in, and defy the law?

A SURE WAY to make one's-self "Beautiful." Get mixed up in a sensation that will give the reporter a column or so.

### SUNDAY EVENING.

MR. FIDGET.—Officer, I'm sure that saloon on the corner is open. Men have been going in there all day.

OFFICER McNABB.—Well, what av thot? Would yez have me break-in' th' lah, too, by goin' in?

PEOPLE in high positions are reminded that that celebrated "room at the top" is often an attic where it is easy to bump one's head.

A DROWNING MAN will catch at a straw, especially if he happens to be drowning his sorrows.

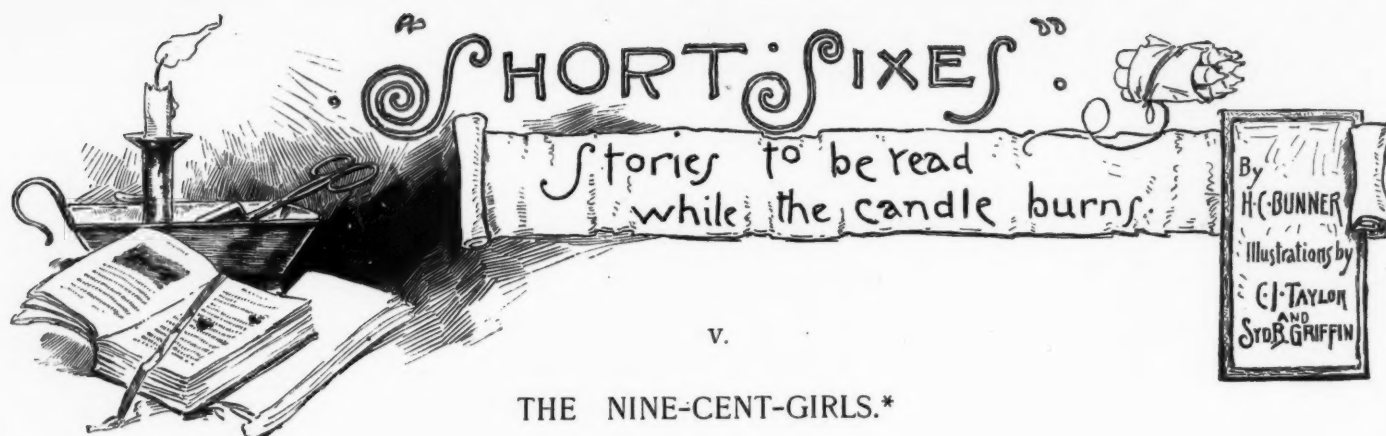


### MICHAEL'S DAY OFF.

MISS MIDDERBROOK.—Look here, Violet.

VIOLET.—What is it?

MISS MIDDERBROOK.—Everything else fits beautifully; but how in the world to get his head through this arrangement, I don't know.



## THE NINE-CENT-GIRLS.\*

MISS BESSIE VAUX, of Baltimore, paid a visit to her aunt, the wife of the Commandant at Fort Starbuck, Montana. She had at her small feet all the garrison and some two dozen young ranch-owners, the flower of the younger sons of the best society of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Thirty-seven notches in the long handle of her parasol told the story of her three months' stay. The thirty-seventh was final. She accepted a measly Second Lieutenant, and left all the bachelors for thirty miles around the Fort to mourn her and to curse the United States Army. This is the poem.



Mr. John Winfield, proprietor of the Winfield Ranch, sat astraddle a chair in front of the fire in his big living-room, and tugged at his handsome black beard as he discussed the situation with his foreman, who was also his confidant, his best friend and his old college mate. Mr. Richard Cutter stood with his back to the fire, twirled a very blonde moustache and smoked cigarettes continually while he ministered to his suffering friend, who was sore wounded in his vanity, having been notch No. 36 on Miss Vaux's parasol. Dick had been notch No. 1; but Dick was used to that sort of thing.

"By thunder," said Mr. Winfield, "I'm going to get married this year, if I have to marry a widow with six children. And I guess I'll have to. I've been ten years in this girlless wilderness, and I never did know any girls to speak of, at home. Now *you*, you always everlastingly knew girls. What's that place you lived at in New York State—where there were so many girls?"

"Tusculum," replied Mr. Cutter, in a tone of complacent reminiscence. "Nice old town, plastered so thick with mortgages that you can't grow flowers in the front yard.

All the fellows strike for New York as soon as they begin to shave. The crop of girls remains, and they wither on the stem. Why, one Winter they had a humpbacked man for their sole society star in the male line. Nice girls, too. Old families. Pretty, lots of them. Good form, too, for provincials."

"Gad!" said Jack Winfield, "I'd like to live in Tusculum for a year or so."

"No, you would n't. It's powerful dull. But the girls were nice. Now, there were the Nine-Cent-Girls."

"The Nine-cent Girls?"

"No, the Nine-Cent-Girls. Catch the difference? They were the daughters of old Bailey, the civil engineer. Nine of 'em, ranging from twenty-two, when I was there—that's ten years ago—down to—oh, I don't know—a kid in a pinafore. All looked just alike, barring age, and every one had the face of the Indian lady on the little red cent. Do you remember the Indian lady on the little red cent?"

"Hold on," suggested Jack, rising; "I've got one. I've had it ever since I came." He unlocked his desk, rummaged about in its depths, and produced a specimen of the neatest and most artistic coin that the United States government has ever struck.

"That's it," said Dick, holding the coppery disk in his palm. "It would do for a picture of any one of 'em—only the Bailey girls did n't wear feathers in their hair. But there they were, nine of 'em, nice girls,

every way, and the whole lot named out of the classics. Old Bailey was strong on the classics. His great-grandfather named Tusculum, and Bailey's own name was M. Cicero Bailey. So he called all his girls by heathen names, and had a row with the parson every christening. Let me see—there was Euphrosyne, and Clelia, and Lydia, and Flora and Aurora—those were the twins—I was sweet on one of the twins—and Una—and, oh, I can't remember them all. But they were mighty nice girls."

"Probably all married by this time," Jack groaned. "Let me look at that cent." He held it in the light of the fire, and gazed thoughtfully upon it.

"Not a one," Dick assured him. "I met a chap from Tusculum last time I was in Butte City, and I asked him. He said there'd been only one wedding in Tusculum in three years, and then the local paper had a wire into the church and got out extras."

"What sort of girls were they?" Winfield asked, still regarding the coin.

"Just about like that, for looks. Let me see it again." Dick examined the cent critically, and slipped it into his pocket, in an absent-minded way. "Just about like that. First rate girls. Old man was as poor as a church mouse; but you would never have known it, the way that house was run. Bright girls, too—at least, my twin was. I've forgotten which twin it was; but she was too bright for me."

"And how old did you say they were? How old was the youngest?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Dick, with a bachelor's vagueness on the question of a child's age, "five—six—seven, may be. Ten years ago, you know."

"Just coming in to grass," observed Mr. Winfield, meditatively.



Two months after the evening on which this conversation took place, Mr. Richard Cutter walked up one of the quietest and most eminently respectable of the streets of Tusculum.

Mr. Cutter was nervous. He was, for the second time, making up his mind to attempt a difficult and delicate task. He had made up his mind to it, or had had it made up for him; but now he felt himself obliged to go over the whole process in his memory, in order to assure himself that the mind was really made up.

The suggestion had come from Winfield.

He remembered with what a dazed incomprehension he had heard his chum's proposition to induce

Mr. Bailey and all his family to migrate to Montana and settle at Starbuck.

"We'll give the old man all the surveying he wants. And he can have Ashford's place on the big dam when Ashford goes East in August. Why, the finger of Providence is pointing Bailey straight for Starbuck."

With a clearer remembrance of Eastern conventionalities than Mr. Winfield, Dick Cutter had suggested various obstacles in the way of this apparently simple scheme. But Winfield would hear of no opposition, and he joined with him eight other young ranchmen, who entered into the idea with wild Western enthusiasm and an Arcadian simplicity that could see no chance of failure. These energetic youths subscribed a generous fund to defray the expenses of Mr. Cutter as a missionary to Tusculum; and Mr. Cutter had found himself committed to the venture before he knew it.

Now, what had seemed quite feasible in Starbuck's wilds wore a

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different face in prim and proper Tusculum. It dawned on Mr. Cutter that he was about to make a most radical and somewhat impudent proposition to a conservative old gentleman. The atmosphere of Tusculum weighed heavy on his spirits, which were light and careless enough in his adopted home in Montana.

Therefore Mr. Cutter found his voice very uncertain as he introduced himself to the young lady who opened, at his ring, the front door of one of the most respectable houses in that respectable street of Tusculum.

"Good morning," he said, wondering which one of the Nine-Cent-Girls he saw before him; and then, noting a few threads of gray in her hair, he ventured:

"It's Miss — Miss Euphrosyne, is n't it? You don't remember me — Mr. Cutter — Dick Cutter? Used to live on Ovid Street. Can I see your father?"

"My father?" repeated Miss Euphrosyne, looking a little frightened. "Yes — I just want —"

"Why, Mr. Cutter — I do remember you now — did n't you know that Papa died nine years ago — the year after you left Tusculum?"

Dick Cutter leaned against the door-jamb and stared speechlessly at Miss Euphrosyne. He noted vaguely that she looked much the same as when he had last seen her, except that she looked tired and just a shade sad. When he was able to think, he said that he begged her pardon. Then she smiled, faintly.

"We could n't expect you to know," she said, simply. "Won't you come in?"

"N-N-No," stuttered Dick. "I-I-I'll call later — this evening, if you don't mind. Ah — ah — *good day*." And he fled to his hotel, to pull himself together, leaving Miss Euphrosyne smiling.

He sat alone in his room all the afternoon, pondering over the shipwreck of his scheme. What should he tell the boys? What would the boys say? Why had he not thought to write before he came? Why on earth had Bailey taken it into his head to die?

After supper, he resolved to call as he had promised. Mrs. Bailey, he knew, had died a year after the appearance of her ninth daughter. But, he thought, with reviving hope, there might be a male head to the family — an uncle, perhaps.

The door was opened by Clytie, the youngest of the nine. She ushered him at once into a bright little parlor, hung around with dainty things in artistic needle-work and decorative painting. A big lamp glowed on a centre-table, and around it sat seven of the sisters, each one engaged in some sort of work, sewing, embroidering or designing. Nearest the lamp sat Euphrosyne, reading Macaulay aloud. She stopped as he entered, and welcomed him in a half-timid but wholly friendly fashion.

Dick sat down, very much embarrassed, in spite of the greeting. It was many years since he had talked to nine ladies at once. And, in truth, a much less embarrassed man might have found himself more or less troubled to carry on a conversation with nine young women who looked exactly like each other, except for the delicate distinctions of age which a masculine stranger might well be afraid to note. Dick looked from one to the other of the placid-classic faces, and could not help having an uneasy idea that each new girl that he addressed was only the last one who had slipped around the table and made herself look a year or two older or younger.

But after a while the pleasant, genial, social atmosphere of the room, sweet with a delicate, winning virginity, thawed out his awkward reserve, and Dick began to talk of the West and Western life until the nine pairs of blue eyes, stretched to their widest, fixed upon him as a common focus. It was eleven when he left, with many apologies for his long call. He found the night and the street uncommonly dark, empty and depressing.

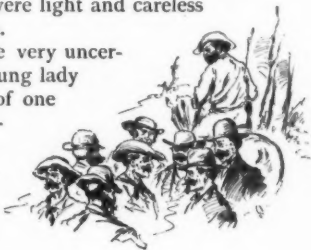
"Just the outfit!" he observed to himself. "And old Bailey dead and the whole scheme busted."

For he had learned that the Nine-Cent-Girls had not a relative in the world. Under these circumstances, it was clearly his duty to take the morning train for the West. And yet, the next evening, he presented himself, shamefaced and apologetic, at the Baileys' door.

He thought that he wanted to make some sort of explanation to Miss Euphrosyne. But what explanation could he make? There was no earthly reason for his appearance in Tusculum. He talked of the West until eleven o'clock, and then took a constrained and hesitating leave.

The next day he made a weak pretense of casually passing by when he knew that Miss Euphrosyne was working in the garden; but he found it no easier to explain across the front fence. The explanation never would have been made if it had not been for Miss Euphrosyne. A curious nervousness had come over her, too, and suddenly she spoke out.

"Mr. Cutter — excuse me — but what has brought you here? I mean is it any thing that concerns us — or — or — Papa's affairs? I thought everything was settled — I had hoped —"



There was nothing for it now but to tell the whole story, and Dick told it.

"I suppose you'll think we're a pack of barbarians," he said, when he had come to the end, "and, of course, it's all impracticable now."

But Miss Euphrosyne did not seem to be offended — only thoughtful. "Could you call here to-morrow at this time, Mr. Cutter?" she inquired.

Miss Euphrosyne blushed faintly when Dick presented himself to hear judgement pronounced.

"I suppose you will think it strange," she said; "but if your plan is feasible, I should wish to carry it out. Frankly, I *do* want to see the girls married. Clelia and Lydia and I are past the time when women think about such things — but Clytie — and the rest. And, you know, I can remember how Papa and Mama lived together, and sometimes it seems cruelly hard that those dear girls should lose all that happiness — I'm sure it's the best happiness in the world. And it can never be, *here*. Now if I could get occupation — you know that I'm teaching school, I suppose — and if the rest of the girls could keep up their work for the New York people — why — don't you know, if I did n't tell — if I put it on business grounds, you know — I think they would feel that it was best, after all, to leave Tusculum. . . ."

Her voice was choked when she recommenced.

"It seems awful for me to talk to you in this cold-blooded way about such a thing; but — what *can* we do, Mr. Cutter? You don't know how poor we are. There's nothing for my little Clytie to do but to be a dressmaker — and you know what *that* means, in Tusculum. Oh, *do* you think I could teach school out in Star — Star — Starbuckle?"

Miss Euphrosyne was crying.

Dick's census of possible pupils in the neighborhood of Starbuck satisfied Miss Euphrosyne. It troubled Dick's conscience a bit, as he walked back to the hotel. "But they'll all be married off before she finds it out, so I guess it's all right," he reflected.

The next week Dick went to New York. This was in pursuance of an idea which he had confided to Winfield, on the eve of his forth-setting.

"Why," Winfield had said to him, "you are clean left out of this deal, are n't you?"

"Of course I am," said Dick. "How am I going to marry a poor girl on a hundred dollars a month?"

"I might set you up for yourself —" began his employer.

"Hold on!" broke in Dick Cutter, with emphasis. "You would n't talk that way if you'd ever been hungry yourself. I'm most starved that last time I tried for myself; and I'd starve next trip, sure. You've been a good friend to me, Jack Winthrop. Don't you make a damn fool of yourself and spoil it all."

"But," he added, after a pause, "I *have* a little racket of my own. There's a widow in New York who smiled on yours affectionately once, ere she wed Mammon. I'm going just to see if she feels inclined to divide the late lamented's pile with a blonde husband."

So, the business at Tusculum being determined, and preparations for the heira well under way, Dick went to look after his own speculation.

He reached New York on Tuesday morning, and called on the lady of his hopes that afternoon. She was out. He wrote to her in the evening, asking when he might see her. On Thursday her wedding-cards came to his hotel by special messenger. He cursed his luck, and went cheerfully about attending to a commission which Miss Euphrosyne, after much urging, had given him, trembling at her own audacity. The size of it had somewhat staggered him. She asked him to take an order to a certain large dry-goods house for nine traveling ulsters, (ladies', medium weight, measurements enclosed,) for which he was to select the materials.

"Men have so much taste," said Miss Euphrosyne. "Papa *always* knew when we were well dressed."

Dick had to wait while another customer was served. He stared at her in humble admiration. It was a British actress, recently imported.

When Mr. Richard Cutter sat on the platform of the Tusculum station and saw his nine charges approach, ready for the long trip to the Far West, it struck him that the pinky-dun ulsters with the six-inch-square checks of pale red and blue did not look, on these nine virgins, as they looked on the British actress. It struck him, moreover, that the nine "fore-and-aft," or "deer-stalker" caps which he had thrown in as Friendship's Offering only served to more accentuate a costume already accentuated.

But it was too late for retreat. The Baileys had burned their bridges



behind them. The old house was sold. Their lot was cast in Montana. He had his misgivings; but he handed them gallantly into the train—it was not a vestibule express, for economy forbade—and they began their journey.



He had an uneasy feeling that they were noticed: that the nine ladies in the ulsters of one pattern—and of the pattern of his choosing—were attracting more attention than any ladies not thus uniformed would have attracted; but he was not seriously disturbed until a loquacious countryman sat down beside him.

"Runnin' a lady base-ball nine, be ye?" he inquired. "I seen one, wunst, down to Ne' York. They can't play ball not

to speak of; but it's kinder fun lookin' at 'em. Could n't ye interdooce me to the pitcher?"

Mr. Cutter made a dignified reply, and withdrew to the smoking-car. There a fat and affable stranger tapped him on the back and talked in his ear from the seat behind.

"It don't pay, young man," he said. "I've handled 'em. Female minstrels sounds first rate; but they don't give the show that catches the people. You've gotter have reel talent kinder mixed in with them if you want to draw."

"Them ladies in your comp'ny, where do they show?" inquired the Conductor, as he examined the ten tickets that Dick presented.

"What do you mean?" inquired the irritated pioneer.

"If they show in Cleveland, I'd like to go, first rate," the Conductor explained.

"Those ladies," Dick thundered, at the end of his patience, "are not actresses!"

"Hmf! What be they then?" asked the Conductor.



They had arrived at Buffalo. They had gone to the Niagara Hotel, and had been told that there were no rooms for them; and to the Tiff House, where there were no rooms; and to the Genesee, where every room was occupied. Finally they had found quarters in a very queer hotel, where the clerk, as he dealt out the keys, said:

"One for Lily, and one for Daisy and one for Rosie—here, Boss, sort out the flower-bed yourself," as he handed over the bunch.

Dick was taking a drink in the dingy bar-room, and trying to forget the queer looks that had been cast at his innocent caravan all the day, when the solitary hall-boy brought a message summoning him to Miss Euphrosyne's room. He went, with his moral tail between his mental legs.

"Mr. Cutter," said Miss Euphrosyne, firmly, "we have made a mistake."

"It looks that way," replied Dick, feebly; "but may be it's only the—the ulsters."

"No," said Miss Euphrosyne. "The ulsters are part of it; but the whole thing is wrong, Mr. Cutter; and I see it all now. I did n't realize what it meant. But my eyes have been opened. Nine young unmarried women can not go West with a young man—if you had heard what people were saying all around us in the cars—you don't know. We've got to give up the idea. Oh, but it was awful!"

Miss Euphrosyne, trembling, hid her face in her hands. Her tears trickled out through her thin fingers.

"And the old house is sold! What shall we do? Where shall we go?" she cried, forgetting Dick utterly, lost and helpless.

Dick was stalking up and down the room.

"It would be all right," he demanded, "if there was a married woman to lead the gang, and if—if—if we caught on to something new in the ulster line?"

"It might be different," Miss Euphrosyne admitted, with a sob. Speaking came hard to her. She was tired: well nigh worn out.

"THEN," said Dick, with tremendous emphasis, "what's the matter with my marrying one of you?"

"Why, Mr. Cutter!" Miss Euphrosyne cried, "I had no idea that you—you—ever—thought of—is it Clytie?"

"No," said Mr. Cutter, "it is n't Clytie."

"Is it—is it—is it?" Miss Euphrosyne's eyes lit up with a hope long since extinguished, "is it Aurora?"

"No!"

Dick Cutter could have been heard three rooms off.

"No!" he said, with all his lungs. "It ain't Clytie, nor it ain't Aurora, nor it ain't Flora, nor Melpomene nor Cybele nor Alveolar Aureole nor none of 'em. It's YOU—Y-O-U! I want to marry you, and what's more, I'm going to!"

"Oh! oh! oh! oh!" said poor Miss Euphrosyne, and hid her face in her hands. She had never thought to be happy, and now she was happy for one moment. That seemed quite enough for her modest soul. And yet more was to come.

For once in his life, Dick Cutter seized the right moment to do the right thing. One hour later, Miss Euphrosyne Bailey was Mrs. Richard Cutter. She did not know quite how it had happened. Clytie told her she had been bullied into it. But oh! such sweet bullying.

"No," said Mr. Richard Cutter, one morning in September of the next year, to Mr. Jack Winfield and his wife, (Miss Aurora Bailey that was,) "I can't stop a minute. We're too busy up at the ranch. The Wife has just bought out Wilkinson; and I've got to round up all his stock. I'll see you next month, at Clytie's wedding. Queer, she should have gone off the last, ain't it? Euphrosyne and I are going down to Butte City Monday, to buy her a present. Know anybody who wants to pay six per cent. for a thousand?"

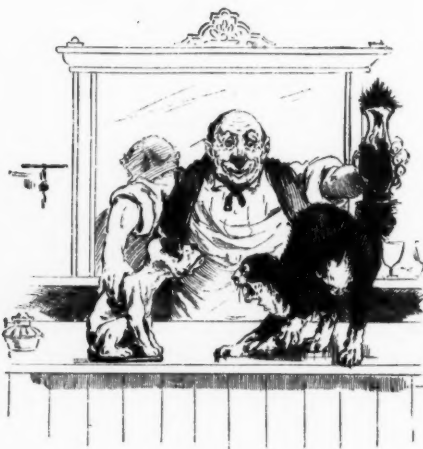
H. C. Bunner.



#### SPIEGELROTH'S RUSE.



SPIEGELROTH.—Here vas dot loafer ohf a cat on der bar again! Vell, I maigs him hellup der family.

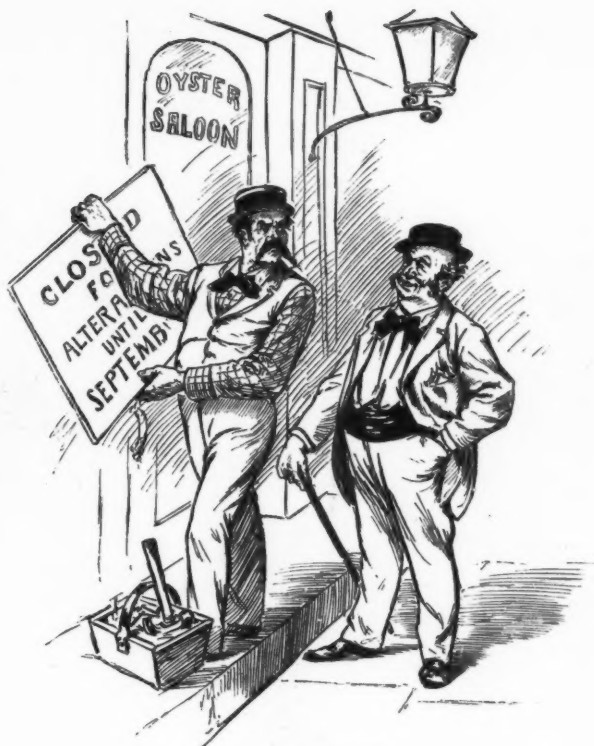


How you likes dot, alreatty?



Py Peesmarck! dot vas bedder as der old frau could scrub!





## SIGN LANGUAGE.

PASSING FRIEND.—I say, what's the alteration going to be?  
 PROPRIETOR (*growling*).—Alteration in the weather.

## A VARIATION.



AN ANGLER, with a costly pole  
 Surmounted by a silver reel,  
 Carven in quaint poetic scroll —  
 Jointed and tipped with finest steel —  
 With yellow flies,  
 Whose scarlet eyes  
 And jasper wings are fair to see,  
 Hies to the stream  
 Whose bubbles beam  
 Down murmuring eddies wild and free,  
 And casts the line, with sportsman's pride,  
 Where the fish 'neath the bushes glide.

A shock-haired boy, with birch-wand  
 light,  
 Pronged somewhat like a fish's spine,  
 And on its end a bit of white —  
 The common kind of grocer's twine,

With naught but great  
 Ground worms for bait,  
 Tramps to the water full of glee;  
 His hat beneath,  
 Observe the wreath  
 Of smiles most beautiful to see,  
 While he casts in the plashing nook  
 A bended pin — his only hook.

The angler with the costly pole  
 Comes homeward full of airy grace —  
 If rapture thrills the urchin's soul  
 It does n't blossom in his face.  
 The former, he has twenty-three  
 Fishes that speckle in the sun.  
 The shock-haired boy  
 Is left of joy —  
 He's caught what's known as "nary-one."  
 The rod and reel have won to-day —  
 Somehow it sometimes works that way!

R. K. M.

A NEWPORT TEXT — "Put not Your Faith in Princes."

WE DON'T PUT our great men on postage stamps until they are dead.  
 So they "never know when they're licked."

## PLENTY OF ROOM.

DOBBINS.—The field of art is wide; there is plenty of room to succeed in it.

PASTELLE.—That's so; when a man is introduced to you as an "artist," it is hard to say whether he's a barber or a concert-hall singer!

## SIMILARITY OF TASTES.

MISS OLDMAID (*cultivated pianist*).—Yes, I always play classic music; Mozart, Beethoven and Haydn, you know.

LITTLE BOY.—You're just like my Mama. She don't play any thing but the pieces that was new when she was young.

## LAVISH LIBERALITY.

SUMMER BOARDER (*wearily*).—You have had veal at every meal since I came.

FARMER FURROW (*cheerfully*).—We kin afford it. It was our own calf; and it ain't half gone yet.

## WHO, INDEED?

WHIPPER.—Why, me dear fellah, it's as plain as day. Anybody of common sense can see into it, don't ye know?

SNAPPER.—Indeed! Who explained it to you?

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF;  
BUT PRICES HAS RIZ.

I.

LONG AGES ago — the Bible says so —  
 Quite a notorious man was one "hairy son;"  
 He sold his birthright — which he held very light —  
 And received for it, one mess of pottage.

II.

Many moons have gone by, into eternity,  
 Notorious once more, one more "Harrison."  
 His integrity sold — like his prototype old,  
 He received for it one Cape May cottage.

Oliver Sudden.



## A LITTLE TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

FRUIT DEALER.—What's the matter, old man; are you blind?

UNCLE JAKE (*with a gulp*).—No, boss; but I reely doan' dare to open my eyes till I git by dat big pile ob watermillions!

[See Poem on page 394.]

And the lamplight o'er him streaming

Throws his shadow on the floor —

And my soul from out that shadow

That lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted — Nevermore!

## THE RAVEN.





PUCK.



## NORA'S EXPERIENCE—AFTER IBSEN.



SCENE.—A pavilion at Coney Island. In middle of right wall a stage, on which are seated three musicians of German birth. In the middle of the left wall, a bar furnished with beer-kegs, bottles of liquor, glasses, &c. In the background, view of antique bathing-suits suspended on clothes line. Pavilion is inexpensively furnished with wooden chairs and tables, which can be easily moved when necessary to make room for dancing. The walls are covered with signs of this description: "Basket Parties Welcome." "Try Our Mikado Chowder." "Free Lunch To-Day; Free Beer To-morrow." Over the stage is suspended a banner with the legend:

Princess Nora, the Norwegian Nightingale, Appears at this Pavilion, the Only Strictly First-class Family Resort on the Island."

ATTENDANT (entering, followed by TORTOISE HELMBOLD).—Remember, ladies and gentlemen, that the seats are all free—free as the air you breathe.

HELMBOLD (taking seat at table).—Well, this is the Scandinavian's Paradise, a place where he can sit down without being expected to pay any money.

ATTENDANT.—Now, then; somebody get ashamed and buy something.

HELMBOLD (sighing deeply).—Alas! I might have known. Gimme a beer.

ATTENDANT (shouting).—Draw one!

NORA (entering).—Why, Tortoise, is that you?

HELMBOLD.—What! Nora? Can it be possible?

NORA.—Cert. I'm the Norwegian Nightingale, and I'm going on in a few minutes.

ATTENDANT (entering with glass of beer, which he sets down on table).—Dere you are Boss. Is de lady drinkin'?

NORA.—I'll take a pony beer, George.

ATTENDANT (shouting).—Put up a shell!

HELMBOLD.—Nora, all this is so sudden, so overwhelming, I hardly know what to think of it. I never dreamt that I should find you here. And have you yet found the solution of the problem that vexed you so much when we last met?

NORA.—Yes, Tortoise; I have taken quite a tumble since my last exit.

HELMBOLD.—And does my little squirrel dance and sing as merrily as she did in other days?

NORA.—Your little squirrel does a song-and-dance in this very pavilion



## AT NARRAGANSETT.

MISS GOWITT.—Why did you come down to the Pier, Mr. Colday?

MR. COLDAY.—To see you.

MISS GOWITT.—Well, you may as well go back to the city. I don't go into the surf. I only stroll down to the beach to look on.



## VERY BRACING.

JACK ROOFGARDEN.—Hullo! I thought you told me there were no mosquitos out where you live. What are you doing with those window screens?

MORRISON ESSEX.—Mosquitos? Have n't seen one in Lonelyville this Summer. But that New Jersey air is so strong and bracing that I have to put these screens on the nursery windows, so as to filter it before the baby breathes it.

four times every afternoon and six times in the evening. And she gets paid for it, too, which is not the way she did in what you call "other days." I'm going to do a turn in a couple of minutes now, and if you stay round, you'll see me.

ATTENDANT (entering, and setting glass on table).—Ten cents, please. (Shouting.) Next we have the De Puddin' Sisters, Rice an' Tapioca, an' den de celebrated Norwegian Nightingale, from the court of the Emp'r of Rooshy.

NORA.—Well, here's to you, Tortoise. I s'pose you've come to take me home. Well, I'm ready enough to go, for I'm getting tired of doing eighteen turns a day for twenty dollars a week.

HELMBOLD.—Then you feel, Nora, that there is no longer a yawning abyss between us.

NORA.—Yawning abyss? I got all the yawning abyss I wanted working right here in this pavilion, and now I'm convinced that my proper sphere is home.

HELMBOLD.—And will my little lark sing again as merrily as before, and will she twitter as blithely in her cage?

NORA.—She will twitter till you can't rest, as soon as she gets the sea-fog out of her voice.

HELMBOLD.—Who is that musician on the platform there? His face seems familiar.

NORA.—Oh, that's Doctor Rank. We'll have to give him the shake now. Just wait here till I do my turn. (A moment later appears on stage and sings:)

"And in the night my child was sweetly sleeping,  
And in the morning it was took away."

(Loud applause, led by the ATTENDANT.)

NORA (entering).—Well, Tortoise, this is a dry meeting. You can gimme the same, George; and my gentleman friend'll take the same, too. I say, Tortoise, suppose we start for home to-night. I've learned all I wanted to about woman's place in the world, and if I'm to learn any more, I'd just as soon have you teach it to me.

ATTENDANT (entering with beer).—Ten cents, please.

NORA.—Well, here's happy days.

CURTAIN.

J. L. Ford.





A CHARITABLE ENDEAVOR.

QUAY.—What in the world made you offer President Harrison a rattle-snake? You might have known he would refuse such a gift.

PLATT.—That's just it. I wanted to give him a chance to refuse something.



QUITE BY ACCIDENT.

ETHEL.—My dear girl, how did you get your bathing suit wet?

MAUD.—I got caught in a shower.

THE SECRET OUT.

"Why does the *Champion Magazine* continue to print articles on the Civil War? Is the public interested in them?"

"No."

"Well, then, who is?"

"The editor."

RESPECTING HER MEMORY.

TENNEY.—Why does Tony wear a black straw hat?

YOUNG.—He's in mourning for an aunt who died three or four years ago.

IN BALDNESS THERE IS SAFETY.

ABSALOM (to SAMSON).—So you're the fellow who got into trouble through a hair-cut, are you?

SAMSON.—Humph! You need n't talk, Faunteroy. Those long curls you wear were the death of you!



THE PAUPER LABOR ISSUE.

LITTLE MISS BESSIE (proudly).—My Mama has all her dresses made in Europe.

LITTLE MISS JESSIE (disdainfully).—My Mama is n't so awfully economical as that.

SPOKEN IN JEST.

MARGUERITE.—Jack was caught by the undertow when he was in the surf yesterday.

PRISCILLA.—Don't you wish you were the undertow?



HE WAS INNOCENT.

"I missed several of my chickens last night, Uncle Jasper. Do you know any thing about them?"

"Cunnel, I believe de law do not require cullud gemmen to answer questions which mout discriminate demselves."

TWO MUCH FOR ONE.

"You had better get two thermometers, George."

"What can we do with two?"

"Oh, we may need 'em. It gets pretty hot here sometimes."

A SACRIFICE TO SCIENCE.



OUR GALLANT BOARDER.—May I ask where you are going, Miss Wendover?

OUR INTELLECTUAL BOARDER.—Certainly, Mr. Allibone; I am going after a few geological and botanical specimens.

OUR GALLANT BOARDER.—I shall be delighted to go with you, and carry the basket, Miss Wendover.



(Two Hours Later.)

OUR INTELLECTUAL BOARDER.—Now, Mr. Allibone, we will look for a good large piece of clouded red sandstone, and then I think we will return.

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Ginger-**

IS THE  
**BEST IN THE WORLD**

IT IS NOW MADE AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING  
FROM THE BEST AND PUREST MATERIALS.  
LOOK OUT FOR THE RED LABEL ADOPTED TO  
MEET FRAUDS.

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NEW YORK

"A NEW female pursuit in the larger cities is collecting bills." This is encouraging. The old female pursuit in the larger cities was to run 'em up.—*Norristown Herald*.

#### SUMMER RESORTS.



This Popular and Select Hotel has been opened for the Season of 1890 on Saturday, June 21st. To its former patrons, and others who desire to investigate its advantages, full particulars and plans will be furnished on application at the Howland Hotel, or at the Albemarle Hotel, Madison Square, New York. Of JANVIN & WALTER, Prop'r's **HENRY WALTER, Proprietor.** Albemarle Hotel, N. Y.

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"I advise all parents to have their boys and girls taught shorthand-writing and type-writing. A stenographer who can type-write his notes would be safer from poverty than a great Greek scholar." **CHARLES READE**, on "The Coming Man."

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#### A PARALLEL CASE.

MRS. UPTON.—Yes, that is my daughter's piano; but she has scarcely touched it since she has been married.

MRS. DOWNTON.—Jest the same with my darter an' 'er typewriter.—*New York Weekly*.

#### IN EITHER CASE.

DASHAWAY.—Your tailor says you have paid your bill. Let me congratulate you.

TRAVERS.—I had to. He brought suit.

DASHAWAY.—Then let me sympathize with you. —*Clothier and Furnisher*.

## The TALE OF A CENTURY.

OVER a hundred years ago Pears' Soap began in London its mission of cleanliness. To-day its use is universal, and more people than ever before acknowledge its superiority—a sure evidence that its mission has been successful. For one hundred years it has maintained its supremacy in the face of the whole world's competition. Such a record could not be achieved without cause. Temporary successes are comparatively easy, but for an article to go on maintaining its popularity through generation after generation, it must appeal to something more than passing fancy. This is the case with Pears' Soap. It is, and always has been, an honest



woman who travels and fails to take, as she would her tooth-brush, or hair brush, a supply of Pears' Soap must put up with cheap substitutes until her burning, smarting skin demands the "matchless for the complexion." Even children know the difference. So long as fair, white hands, a bright, clear complexion, and a soft, healthful skin continue to add to beauty and attractiveness, so long will Pears' Soap continue to hold its place in the good opinion of women who want to be beautiful and attractive.

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#### THE REASON WHY.

JOHNSON.—Why is the moon often spoken of as the silvery moon?

JACKSON.—Because we get it in halves and quarters, I suppose.—*Epoch*.

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## CHATTERINGS.

CHOLLY.—Deah old London!  
MISS YANKEE.—Isn't that the place where Oscar Wilde lives?

## SO CONSIDERATE.

HUSBAND (*newly married*).—Don't you think, love, if I were to smoke, it would spoil the curtains?

WIFE.—Ah! you are really the most unselfish and thoughtful husband to be fond anywhere; certainly it would.

HUSBAND.—Well, then, take the curtains down.

"WHERE are you going this Summer?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"But can't you judge from what you've heard your Pa and Ma say?"

"Well, from the way Ma talks, I'd think we were going to Paris, Italy, Switzerland, and the Rhine. From the way Pa talks, I'd think we were going to the poor-house."

BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN.—I have here a little poem: the only one I ever wrote.

OVER-SENSITIVE EDITOR.—Then, my dear Madam, I haven't the heart to take it from you.

## THEY GO IT BLIND.

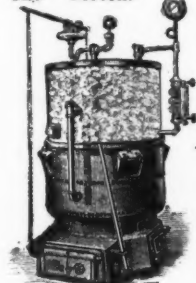
SHE.—How do you manage to think, amid all the noise in the Stock Exchange?

HE.—We don't think.—*Chatter.*

THE eagle in a dove-cole probably wears a swallow-tail.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

## HOUSE HEATING.

The "Gorton."



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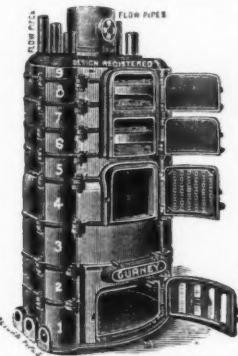
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## THE MEAN THING.

MISS TRIFLEFAST.—How I do detest that Mrs. DeBrown!

MISS DITTO.—Why, what has she done?

MISS TRIFLEFAST.—Told me I was showing my ankle; so, of course, I had to look embarrassed and stop it.—*West Shore.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

AVOID a paper that carries a great space of advertisements in proportion to its reading matter, especially when many of these advertisements are of a nature to convince you that the space is obtained at less than regular rates. In dealing with a paper that will cut its rates to you, you will always be in doubt as to how much greater a cut is given your competitor. The publisher who fails to name his rates plainly and unequivocally, or who fails to stand right up to them through thick and thin, either shows a lack of confidence in the merits of his paper, or is a double dealer who takes in most of those who patronize him.—*National Stockman and Farmer.*

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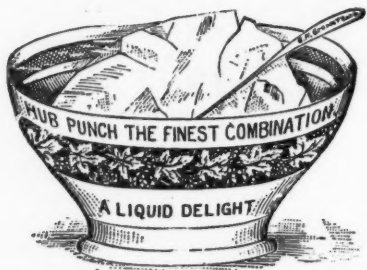
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its fragrance is that of the opening buds of Spring. Once used you will have no other.

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IN THE recent midsummer number of PUCK, Mr. H. C. Bunner has begun a series of tales under the general title of "Short Sixes; Stories to be Read While the Candle Burns," which bid fair to be as successful as his earlier ventures in fiction. They have a humor and a condensation suggesting Guy de Maupassant, while the color and feeling of Mr. Bunner's tales is as American as those of Maupassant are French.—*The Critic.*





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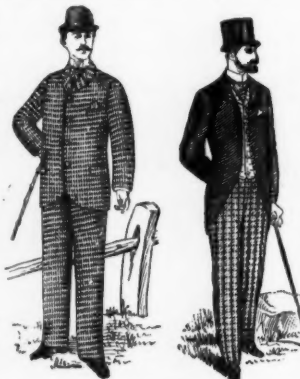
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**ASTHMA-HAY FEVER  
CURED. BY MAIL TO SUFFERERS. FREE**  
Dr. H. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

MADE THE TEACHER FEEL GOOD.  
AUNT.—Did n't you get another thrashing in  
school to-day?

JOHNNY.—Yes, indeed I did; but it did n't  
hurt a bit.

AUNT.—Did you cry?

JOHNNY.—Yes, I bellered like everything; but  
I only did it to humor the teacher.—*Tex. Sift.*

### THE REAL DIFFICULTY.

JAGWAY.—What's the use of paying forty or  
fifty dollars for a suit? I got this for twenty dollars.

TRAVERS.—Yes, but you had to pay cash for it.  
—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

CUSTOMER.—You advertise pants made while  
you wait; but I've been waiting three hours and  
you don't seem to have 'em ready yet.

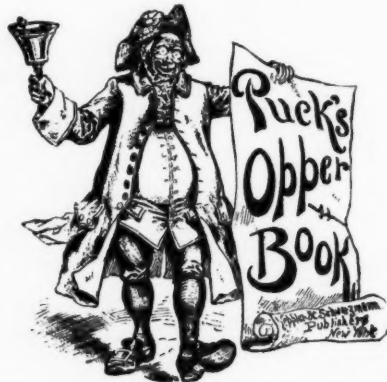
TAILOR.—You'd prob'ly find it more comfort-  
able to wait around home; they'll be ready day  
after to-morrow.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

### AT THE SHAKSPERIAN READINGS.

MRS. SNOBBLETON.—I thought they would  
have given us something modern, but there is  
such a rage for the middy-evil just now.

MRS. PARVENU.—That's so. Yet I always like  
Shakspere; he is very old, but very pretty.—*Kate  
Fiela's Washington.*

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"so."—*Prison Mirror.*

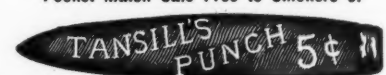


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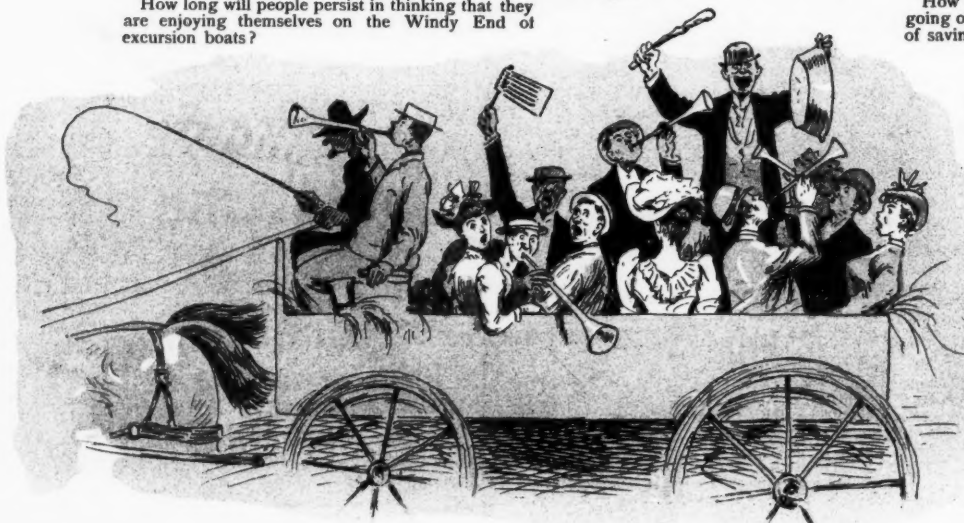
PUCK.



How long will people persist in thinking that they are enjoying themselves on the Windy End of excursion boats?



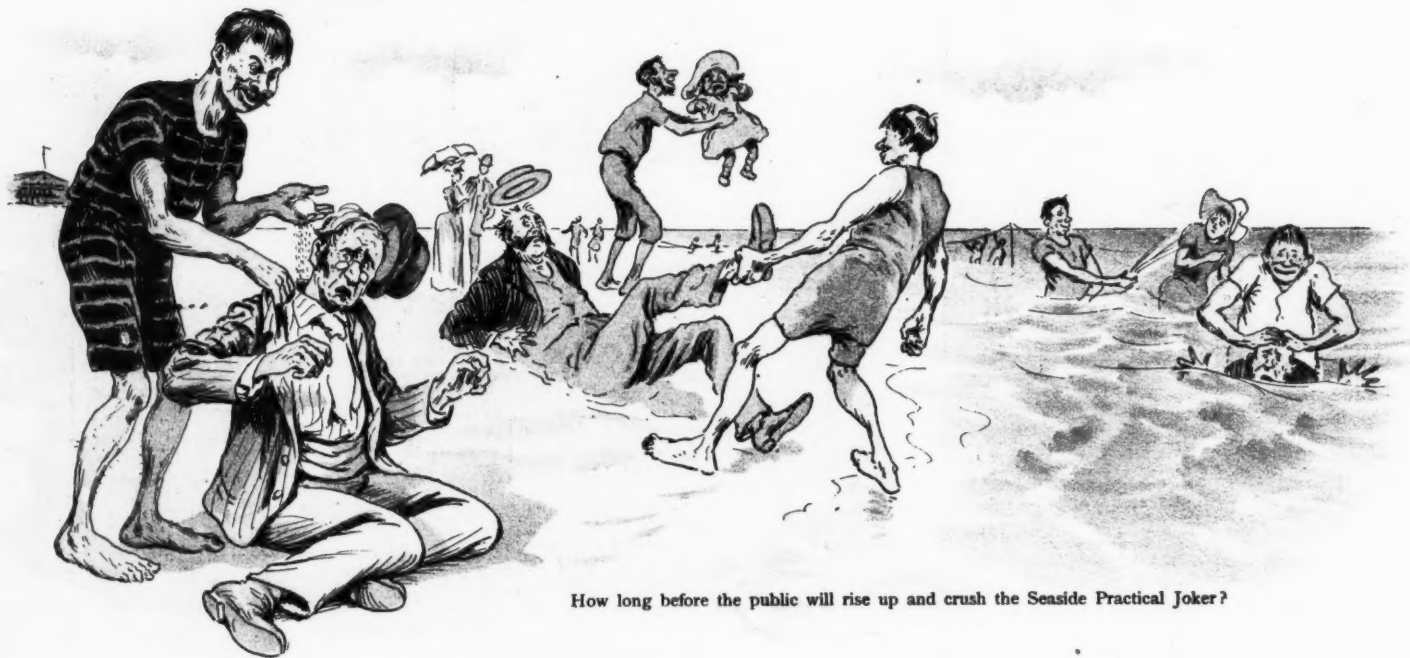
How long will Inexperienced Bathers keep on going out too far, and putting people to the trouble of saving them?



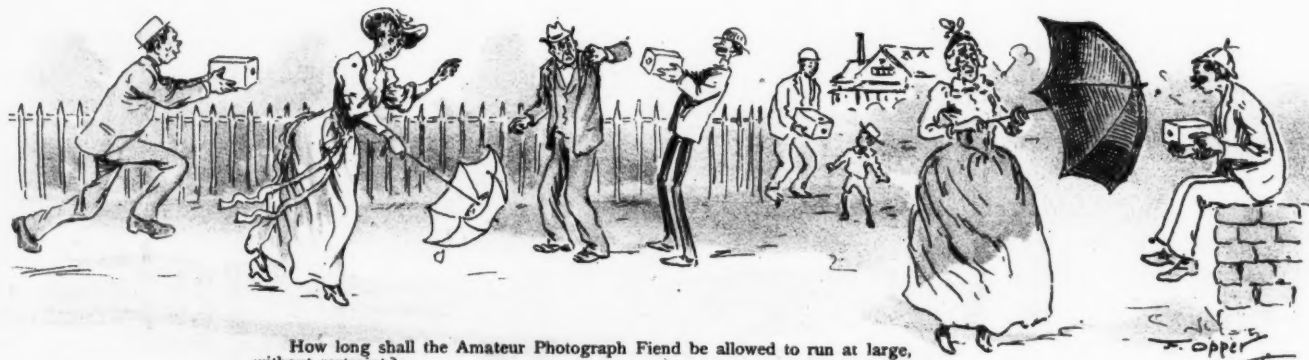
How long must peaceful suburban residents continue to be assailed by the frightful midnight uproar of "Straw-Rides?"



How long will the Summer hotels be infested by Young Lady Reciters, Amateurs who give bad imitations of Irving, Subterranean-Voiced Bassos and the Like?



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How long shall the Amateur Photograph Fiend be allowed to run at large, without restraint?